ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. MATTHEW POOL.

ANAGRAM { *MATTHEW POOL.*
O the LAMP Out!

OUR *LAMP* is out! Needs must we mourners be;
Darkness is Natures Mourning *Livery*:
When Sun sets, Lamp a while, prolongs the Day,
And on that hasting light, Embargo's lays,
This *Lamp* was sent, the Evening to clear,
Of the declining World; but now I fear,
Its *Courfeu* rings; its sure dead time of Night,
When Death (like *Bell-Man*) crys, *Put out your light.*
A Lamp indeed; well may Men stile him so,
He spent himself in giving Light to you,
For whilst with restless Wit, the *Criticks* vast
Conracting; he in lesser moulds doth cast,
And yet illustrates; making all confess,
Divinity grows more, by being less:
As light of Sun, contract'd in Burning-Glass,
Doth hotter grow, and brighter than it was.
Death takes advantage, at oppressed Nature,
And proves at last, the great abbreviator.
One Work he wholly finish'd, nor much less,
A Second, when Death stopt the teeming *Press.*
Ask not his Age then (*Reader*,) for 'tis clear,
This Learned Man dy'd in his Critick Year:
Thus our bright Lamp expir'd, yet left behind,
A Work whose Beams through *Christendom* hath shin'd.
Each wise Expositor, a Star is nam'd,
But here they are in Constellations fram'd.
Clusters of light combin'd Heavens milky way's;
But a *SYNOPSIS* made, of lesser rays:
Long live! thou mighty Treasury, of Food Divine,
Thou Mine of Wealth, thou Heavenly *Magazine*
Of Light! thou Universal Remedy
Of Ghostly Maladys; henceforth wee'll thee
Call Our *CATHOLICON*; for whither sure,
Should Sick Men go, but to the *POOL* for *Cure.*

1679.